

GOSSIP OF MAGNOLIA

Tennis Tournament the Chief Attraction of Week.

DRAG HOUNDS HOLD MEETS

Postmaster General's Family Established at Rock Maple Farm—Miss Ethel Roosevelt Returns to Sagamore Hill—Cousin of Russian Ambassador Occupies Various Pulpits.

By a Staff Correspondent.

Magnolia, Mass., Sept. 14. For society, the chief attraction of the week has been the tennis tournament at the Myopia Hunt Club. Cloudy weather has interfered with an enthusiastic attendance, but a goodly number of representative people of the North Shore have been at the clubhouse daily to witness the events.

Some of the girls playing were Miss Katherine Tweed, of New York; Miss Eleanor Sears, Miss Dorothy Jordan, Miss Alice Thornhike, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Mollie Elliott, and Miss Josephine Amory.

Mrs. George von L. Meyer, wife of the Postmaster General, and her daughters, the Misses Julia and Alice Meyer, are now established at Rock Maple Farm, their place in Hamilton, not far from the Myopia Club, after a summer spent in the Adirondacks, and they have been frequent visitors to the tennis court the past week to see the tournament.

Tennis is not the only attraction at the hunting club, however. Tuesday and Friday the drag hounds had their meets, and will continue every Tuesday and Friday while the season lasts. The pony races are on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

A hunt dinner was held at the club Thursday evening, which was a jolly affair for the members and their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Gurnee, of New York, who have been occupying Miss Alice Thayer's villa at West Manchester, have gone to Bar Harbor, where they have the Pinchot cottage. Mr. and Mrs. James Pinchot bring this summer in Europe.

Mrs. Harry Hill Thornhike, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gurnee, and Mr. Thornhike, after spending the summer at Beverly Farms, have moved into the Thayer cottage, made vacant by their parents.

The Viscount and Viscountess Jules H. de Sibur, of Washington, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore, also of Washington, at "Swiftmore," the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Swift, of Chicago, at Prides Crossing.

Miss Isabel May, of Washington, after a cruise along the coast with a party of friends in Mr. Henry Clay Pierce's yacht, the Yacona, has returned to Beverly and joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, at Brookside, the Meeker estate, which they have leased at the Farms.

Mr. Nathaniel Simpkins, Jr., of Washington, has returned to the parental roof at Beverly Farms after a fishing trip to Cape Cod.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt, daughter of the President, who has been the guest of Miss Faith Simpkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simpkins, and her cousin, Miss Margaret Roosevelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Roosevelt, who was visiting the Misses Tweed, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Tweed, of New York, have returned to their homes at Oyster Bay, where they are guests of the North Shore. Some of those who entertained for them besides their hostesses were Mrs. Washington B. Thomas, Mrs. Charles B. Rice, and Mrs. Henry May, whose younger daughter, Miss Cecilia May, was recently a guest of Miss Ethel Roosevelt at the President's home at Oyster Bay.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, 24, and Mrs. Carnegie, who spent July and August in the Adirondacks, have returned to "Sea-world," their new cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea, after letting it to Mrs. William A. Russell while they were gone. Mrs. Russell is now occupying "Crowhaven," the Manchester estate of the Rev. and Mrs. William H. Dewar.

Miss Martha McCook, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCook, of New York, has been the guest of Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, second, at Beverly Farms, on her way from a visit at Bar Harbor with her cousin, Miss Eleanor Alexander, to her summer home at Seabright, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jefferson Coolidge, who have been camping at their place on Long Island, Holderness, N. H., have returned to their estate at Prides.

Maj. Charles Hayden is cruising along the Atlantic coast in his yacht, the Wacanda, and Mr. Gordon Dexter has a party on board the Elin, and Mr. Henry Parsons King is another member of the cottage colony, who is entertaining friends during the Ranger.

Col. Charles L. Peterson, of Prides Crossing, is a guest of Prof. Alexander Agassiz, at Castle Hill.

A nuptial event soon to be consummated, which is interesting the summer colony at Manchester-by-the-Sea, is the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Devereux, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Devereux, of the Farms, and Mr. Gerald Boardman, son of Mrs. E. A. Boardman, who will take place at St. John's Episcopal Church, at Beverly Farms, September 23.

Following it will come the fashionable wedding of Miss Amy McMillan, daughter of the late Senator James McMillan, of Michigan, and Sir John Harrington, British minister to Abyssinia, which is scheduled for October 12, at "Eagle Head," their country place.

Baron Waldemar Uxhult, of Russia, a cousin of Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, has been the drawing card at the various Baptist churches along the Shore on the Sundays he has been a guest in this vicinity. He has held the pulpit for three or four Sundays, and given some very interesting discourses. He was brought up a Christian, became an atheist, and was again reclaimed through the reading of Tolstol.

The Russian Ambassador and the Baroness Rosen will remain at the embassy at Coolidge Point for some weeks yet, as they are very comfortably situated in the roomy cottage formerly the summer home of Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, former Ambassador to France. Of course, the gentlemen of the Ambassador's staff will remain with him, Prince Koudachoff, M. Kroupensky, and M. de Thal.

The Peruvian Minister and Mme. Pardo will also continue to enjoy country life at their cottage in Manchester, Over-

ledge, where they have quietly spent the summer, their little daughter, Anna Theresa, who arrived the latter part of July, being the arbitrator of the household. They will remain in the country as long as possible on account of the baby, and not return to Washington until cool weather is assured.

Mrs. Thierly, of Washington, is another devotee of the life at the North Shore, and being loath to leave, will probably transfer her lares and penates from the Magnolia Hotel, when it closes this week, to the Oceanide, which will remain open throughout the month.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis McLane Tiffany, of Baltimore, will remain in Manchester throughout September.

Miss Florence Stevenson, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, and her brother, Philip Stevenson, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bent, at their place at Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Walcott, who have just returned from their wedding trip abroad, are at Prides Crossing, at the home of the bride's parents, Col. and Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson, and are being constantly entertained, though quietly, on account of the family being in mourning. Mr. Walcott's mother, Mrs. Roger Walcott, and her daughter, Mrs. Cornelia Walcott, have been spending the latter part of the summer at one of the Rangleys camps.

MACCABEES FULL OF ACTIVITY

State Commander Gall Plans More Tents in Virginia.

Will Organize Cabinet in District of Columbia to Keep All Posted on Progress Made.

State Commander D. W. Gall attended a meeting of the Maccabees at Charlottesville, Va., Monday night, and also visited the field in different parts of the State, with a view of putting in new tents at an early date at Culpeper, Orange, and Gordonsville. He reports a rousing meeting at Charlottesville, with the order on a boom at that place under the leadership of his deputy, L. N. Roetting.

Georgetown Tent, No. 8, started on its upward road last Monday night with a new deputy in charge, R. P. Wadley, with five applications, some of whom will be initiated to-morrow night.

District Tent, No. 8, held one of the most enthusiastic meetings Thursday night that has been held in years, with a well-conducted meeting, and under the leadership of its deputy, J. L. Wade, had four applications, whose initiation is looked for next Thursday night. This tent has a hustling examiner now in the person of Dr. E. Y. Davidson, who will do his part of the work in time and in good order.

Anacostia Tent, No. 7, is forging to the front, and has a new deputy in the person of R. A. Estep, one who has proven himself not only a first-class record keeper, but a true and tried Maccabee, and with the loyal support he will gain from his tent, will put the membership up to 20 by the 1st of January.

State Commander Gall has planned to organize a cabinet in the District of Columbia, which will be composed of his tent and by this means he will keep the tents posted and advised along all lines of progression, and he will also make such organizations in Virginia, in the large towns and cities where it is at an advantage.

Arlington Tent, No. 10, held a meeting at which plans were completed for putting on an active campaign for members in that tent, which will reach 100 by the 1st of January.

Richmond Tent, No. 9, will go to the Richmond next week, where he will organize his working forces in and around that city, where he will meet Supreme Commander D. P. Marker, and have a conference with him as to the best interests of the order, and how it can best be promoted.

National Tent, No. 1, will hold a meeting to-morrow night, at which advanced steps will be taken to put the work of setting new members into the tent. With J. F. Moore as deputy, this tent hopes to reach 1,000 members by the 1st of January. There will be initiations to-morrow night.

The two drill teams of the Lady Maccabees will go to Jamestown Exposition Tuesday, to be present to take part in the competitive drill there September 13.

SCHOOLS READY TO OPEN.

Alexandria County to Take Up Year's Work to-morrow.

The public schools of Alexandria County, Va., twenty-two in number, will open to-morrow with a full corps of teachers, under Supt. James E. Clements, who will be present in person at each school and deliver the school papers and forms of reports, &c., for the present session. All of the schoolhouses and grounds have been put in first-class condition by the several district boards of trustees, and Supt. Clements anticipates the most successful and prosperous school year the county has ever experienced. The schools in Alexandria County are open for the full term of nine months in each year, and the teachers are as follows:

Columbia school—Miss Euphemia L. Walton, principal; Miss Elsie Taylor, first assistant; and Mrs. M. W. McCaffrey, second assistant. Ballston school—Miss Gertrude Fugh, principal; Miss Margaret E. Petty, first assistant; Miss Lulu Tayman, second assistant; Miss Helen Louise Veitch, third assistant. Glenacres school—Miss Maida McFarland, principal. Mount Vernon avenue school—Mr. C. Vernon Snider, principal; Miss Ella L. Davies, first assistant; Miss Gertrude Allen, second assistant, and Miss Margaret J. Heshford, third assistant and teacher of drawing. Home school—Prof. Henry S. Petty, principal. Carne school—Prof. Henry D. Malone, principal; Miss Bettie W. Nevitt, first assistant. Saegmuller school—Prof. B. F. Heaton, principal.

Perhaps the proudest moment of the whole day is when, at the conclusion of the last prayer, when all about her are exchanging congratulations upon the great feat being happily ended, the very rabbi himself, the chief man of the congregation, comes up and takes her by the hands and says: "Sister, your candle shines forth like your great piety. May you have health and strength to make the sacred candles for us next year!"

To which she replies fervently, "And may the Almighty grant, dear brother, that you be here to light them next year!"

All odds and ends of the candles which are left unconsumed are carefully gathered up and put away, to be melted again for future Yom Kippur use.

The pious brethren, as well as the sisters, however, can share in the great mitzvah of peacemaking, or reconciling all who during the year have been at variance from any cause whatsoever. The blessings vouchsafed the peacemaker at any time are magnificent, and in a generous rivalry to see who can appear at the synagogue door before the Kol Nidre services begin, with the longest list of patched-up estrangements to his or her credit.

Provide Work for Peacemakers.

Sometimes, when there are not enough quarels to afford all these good men and women an opportunity to exercise their noble calling, friends will turn themselves in the breach and simulate strained relations and mild animosity

YOM KIPPUR NEARING

Many Old-time Customs Observed by Jews.

SACRIFICE OF THE KIPPURAH

Head of the Household Swings Votive Fowl Over His Head as He Confesses His Sins—Bird Is Then Sent with Money to Some Poorer Israelite—Two Other Large Candles.

One of the few old-time customs which still prevails among Orthodox Jews in Washington is the sacrifice of the kippurah, or votive fowl. When, on the day preceding the great white fast, next Wednesday, the mother of an Orthodox family goes marketing for the holiday meal, which joyfully concludes the hours of abstinence, she includes among her purchases, as a general rule, a particularly fine chicken.

All other poultry she quickly hands over to the schochet (rabbinically ordained butcher) that it may be in water and be drenched with salt the required number of hours. At the mention of such particular lapse he whistles the devoted bird rapidly around his head and beats it against the floor, saying: "And for that sin be thou my expiation." The mother repeats the process, then the oldest son and daughter in turn, and so on, till every one of the group who has reached the age of thirteen years has made a clean breast of his or her shortcomings and shifted the burden upon the fowl.

All younger persons being considered religiously irresponsible, according to Jewish law, the father acting for his sons and the mother for her daughters. In conclusion, the head of the family fervently prays that all misfortune or sorrow destined for him or his during the coming twelve-month be visited instead upon the head of the votive fowl. A few supplementary whirled of the fowl and an extra hard thump or two finish the ceremonial.

Must Give Money with Fowl.

If any life remains after this somewhat strenuous treatment the bird is slaughtered and sent to some poor Israelite who cannot afford to buy such luxuries. But a gift of money or of other food, equal, at least, to half the value of the chicken, must accompany the donation, lest it might seem that the sacrifice had been made to do duty also as a mitzvah (charity).

So in the case of the memorial lamp which burns from sunrise to sundown of the holy day, great care is taken that no ray be used for any profane purpose. The sacred light dedicated to departed souls is generally lit in the parlor or best room, which is scrupulously avoided for twenty-four hours, an extra candle being placed near it to make amends for any stray beams that may possibly escape.

Although among the Reformed Hebrews, gas, oil, or even electric lighting is used, the strictly Orthodox clinging to the traditions of their ancestors, and nothing else is considered proper for their synagogue. Many of the families, when providing candles for home use, get an extra one, which they send to be placed among the candles of the sacred candelabrum.

Two Extra Large Candles.

But there are two extra large candles, for which is reserved the post of honor. They are the offering of the oldest and most pious woman of the congregation, assisted by a chosen few, whom she deems worthy to assist in this good work. It is regarded as a high favor to be so chosen, and no little joy fills the heart of the elect when, a week before the Day of Atonement, which falls on Wednesday of next week, they are invited to the home of the venerable dame whose high position in Orthodox circles is as impregnable as that of Mrs. Fish among the smart set.

Reverently, and with covered heads, prayers are recited while the huge cakes of beeswax are slowly melted. Then the wicks are cut to required lengths, and the process of rolling and kneading the softened wax is begun. All present are permitted to share in the mitzvah, but when finally two gigantic tapers, some five feet high, are turned out, they are in the hands of the high priestess or "gobette" (door of deeds of kindness), who has presided over the work. All the rest are merely acolytes. She it is who watches them burn with a falling interest, and at the atonement services, and receives with assumed modesty the many compliments which are whispered to her under cover of the huge prayer books, during a lull in the intense prayer for pardon for sins of omission and commission.

Proudest Moment of All.

Perhaps the proudest moment of the whole day is when, at the conclusion of the last prayer, when all about her are exchanging congratulations upon the great feat being happily ended, the very rabbi himself, the chief man of the congregation, comes up and takes her by the hands and says: "Sister, your candle shines forth like your great piety. May you have health and strength to make the sacred candles for us next year!"

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Provide Work for Peacemakers.

Sometimes, when there are not enough quarels to afford all these good men and women an opportunity to exercise their noble calling, friends will turn themselves in the breach and simulate strained relations and mild animosity

In order that no one need be without at least one reconciliation to recount. Again, two or three peacemakers will labor with the same parties, and each claim credit when at last harmony is restored.

Occasionally a most promising dispute will flatter end in an armed truce, in a most disappointing manner, just when it seemed about to afford the richest field for benevolent labors. But as a general thing the day before Atonement yields a rich harvest to the peacemakers in the way of strife arising from the jostling and pushing about on the sidewalks, the keen business competition, where each merchant is straining every nerve to get rid of perishable goods before the enforced inactivity of the sacred day. And they wisely wait for it, to make up any deficiency in the year's account.

ARCHITECTS AND DRESS REFORM

By GLENN BROWN, Architect, in the Inland Architect.

A striking commentary on modern architecture occurred at a recent fashionable evening reception. A craning of necks drew my attention to a man in faultless evening dress, standing transformed into an object of ridicule by a reflection in a mirror showing his back clothed in loose fitting red flannel. He was hustled from the room by the floor committee. Following the curious crowd, I obtained the following novel idea on dress reform:

"I am infatuated with the modern system of design in our great commercial buildings, and see clearly its ready adaptability to modern dress. You have no doubt noticed how thoroughly our great architects have developed a style of great beauty for the front and economy for the rear. This innovation consists in building a front of precious stones and classic design and erecting the side walls without form or order of cheap and ugly material. While the offensive sides are always visible, no one is foolish enough to look at them. While the effect often destroys the beauty of a neighborhood, sensible people see only the beautiful front. This wonderful system saves the architect time, money, and trouble, as



He found it dull work, the ride down the river. The other excursionists were mostly tired-looking, perspiring mothers of young children, and the children never seemed to leave off devouring alternate mouthfuls of pickles and cake, dished out to them from soiled shoe boxes.

He let himself into the flat upon his return and found it cool and dark, but strangely quiet and deserted looking. He wandered aimlessly through the rooms with his head half cocked to one side, as if he expected at any moment to hear a familiar voice.

The sleeping rooms were permeated with the fragrance of the old-fashioned lavender in which his wife always stowed her white goods in the chiffonier, mingled with the pleasant briar-sweetness aroma of the Japanese matting on the floors. She had picked out that matting. He sniffed the air rather enjoyably.

"Dainty woman—daintiest I ever knew," he thought of his wife; and then he remembered how fetching she had looked in her pongee traveling suit when he had put her on the train that afternoon.

"A month, eh?" he caught himself saying. "Well, a month's quite a long stretch, sometimes."

He picked up from the dresser a red rose that his wife had worn in her dark hair on the evening before. He caught himself pressing the rose to his nostrils. He saw himself doing this in his reflection, and then he grinned at his reflection.

"I'm an ass," he muttered. "After five years, at that—I'm a slob."

Turned In Early.

He turned in pretty early that night, after ineffectually endeavoring to read an evening paper upside down for half an hour or so—he didn't seem to care to read.

Pinned to the fresh suit of pajamas which she had thoughtfully spread out on his bed that morning he found this little scribble written on a sheet of her writing paper:

"Good night—sleep tight!" with the diminutive of her name signed after the words. Down at the bottom of the sheet, in tiny letters, was the word "Hugs."

"Well, I guess that's all right," he said to himself, as he turned out the light.

On the following evening he took a trolley ride to a suburban resort. He listened to the band music and watched the girls and young fellows dance for a while. The way the young fellows hovered and four-flushed around the girls and made village cut-ups of themselves struck him as something rather curious.

"I wonder if it's possible that I ever made such a nut monkey of myself as these young chaps are doing?" he asked himself. "Guess I did, though, at that—hully moose, doesn't it seem a million years since I really engaged in such doings?"

He came away from the suburban resort very early. As he was preparing to turn in he noticed under his wife's bed a pair of her tiny high-heeled house slippers that she had probably forgotten to wash with her evening dress. He picked them up and stared wonderingly at it for a long time.

"Now, I wonder how the dickens she ever gets the thing on?" he thought. "Looks like it was made for a doll. I wonder how the little snip is to-night, anyway?"

Then he took a sudden grab on himself. "Say," he said, half aloud, "I've got to cut this balderdash out. First thing I know I'll be a big Here I am maudling under a bush and after five years, at that. That's funny. Five years—um. Pretty decent five years for you, old boy. Best five years you ever put in—your sure were going the distance at a bad clip when you—oh, piffle! I'm going to bed."

The bed seemed rather lumpy to him. He remembered that it hadn't been made up by his wife, but by a janitress, who came in every day during his absence at the office to look after the things—he got his meals at a restaurant.

Dreamed of Her.

As he tried to get to sleep he fell to thinking how reckless his wife had always seemed to him in her handling of horses. She was a natural horsewoman, but some of those horses out there at her father's place in the West were mighty wild and skittish, and if she should take any unnecessary chances and anything were to happen to her—

He found himself sitting up in bed in the darkness in a fever.

"If anything should happen to her! Here, by George, I'm going to have a smoke!" and he hopped out of bed and turned on the light and sat smoking and titling himself back and forth in a rocker for a long time before his nerves stopped jumping at the thought of those horses at her father's place in the West where she was visiting.

On the next evening he went to a beer garden, still trying to warm up that bachelor feeling. But it was no go. "Same old crowd," he said to himself, watching the people around the tables. "Same old making of rings on the tables with the bottoms of glasses; same old hummy talk from the men and hot air from the girls; same old goo-goo eyes—same old everything—can't see it—not mine," and again he executed an early getaway.

On the following night he foregathered

BACHELOR FOR A TIME

Glad Wife Went Off on a Vacation.

WOULD HAVE A GOOD TIME

Found It Rather Dull Work, the Flat Was Lonely, and There Was Nothing in the Evening Paper—The Bed Was Lumpy—Awfully Glad When She Came Back.

He accompanied his wife to the station to put her on the train. She was bound West for a month's visit with her folks, says the New York Sun.

It was to be their first separation during their five years of married life. He had been rather looking forward to it with a vaguely mischievous anticipation of a renewal for the month of his old-time bachelor existence.

"You don't seem to be greatly grieved that I am to be away from you for a whole long month," she had said to him on the evening before. "Won't you miss me—just a little?"

"Oh, course I'll miss you," he had replied, in an off-hand way, suppressing a yawn. "But married folks ought to be away from each other once in a while. Does 'em both good."

Then he added as a sort of soothing afterthought:

"I'll appreciate you all the more when you get back—sure thing, I will," and he bestowed a careless sort of duty-bound caress upon her.

The hectic flush of anticipation mounted to his cheeks when the train disappeared out of the station. The light in his eyes plainly said: "Watch little Willie."

Dull Work Alone.

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NOTED FIGURE GONE

Death Removes Mrs. Lusana Amies Crandell.

LIVED HERE FIFTY YEARS

Participated in the Movements that Lead to the Uplifting of the Capital—Helps Care for the Soldiers During the Stirring Period of the Civil War—Tells of Western Trip.

Another old and noted inhabitant, and one fully identified with the city's growth for the last fifty years, has but recently passed away at the age of eighty-one years, fifty of which had been spent in this city and forty-seven in the house at 610 H Street northwest.

Mrs. Crandell was a gracious and hospitable matron of the